



THE WESLEYAN



Hobby Number

THE WESLEYAN

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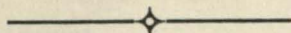
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Foreword

*"Beauty is truth, truth beauty,—that is
all*

*Ye know on earth, and all ye need to
know."*

(From Keats, "ODE ON A GRECIAN
URN")

Scribes' Page

PARADOX

*I know it matters not to you
Whom I love or hate.
Enough that I am yours each time
We meet by kindly fate.*

*A newer love swept in to-night
With bold, caressing eyes;
He stormed my strongly-guarded fort
And took it by surprise.*

*A smile would curl your lip if you
Could see the sure and deep
Remorse that bends my heart and makes
These silly eyes to weep.*

*It seems so strange my lips should be
For anyone but you.
I long so to be faithful
Though you never asked me to.*

—Helen Smart '35

LITTLE MATTER

*"Life is a dream," men wisely say—I
wonder if it's true.*

*If so, it is a lovely dream made beautiful
by you.*

*I never want reality to claim me as it
may*

*(Unless the things I've dreamt with you
are fashioned thus to stay).*

*I like the dreamy splendor of the days
that lie ahead*

*As I linger over memories of things you've
done and said.*

*Little matter if such living is the ecstasy
of dreams—*

*Little matter!—(If the future be as
bright as it now seems).*

—Amy Cleckler '36

CANDLEGLOW

*Softly, sadly, the slender tapers
Shed gentle radiance on ancient lace.
And roses, fullblown, palest pink with
golden hearts,*

Droop bravely in a massive silver vase.

*The candles, once tall and proud in
gleaming sticks*

*Are melted tallow, swimming pools of
rosebud pink,*

*Spewing forth uncertain, flick'ring
streams of flame—*

*I close my eyes, obliterate their beauty,
and think*

*Of futile plans I'd made so joyously with
singing heart,*

*Of the dimly lighted, unused covers set
for two—*

*What good are candlelight, and lace, and
gleaming silver?*

*O my dear! if they cannot be shared
tonight by you!*

—Amy Cleckler '36

PHILOSOPHY OF LOVE

*I have loved you till it hurts,
But you have eyes for other skirts.*

*I have gone with other faces,
Stood my distance a million paces.*

*They, receiving nothing, thought
My love would be just what they sought—*

*They never doubted or questioned me,
They trusted me—don't you see?*

*But you for whom I save my kisses,
For whom I'd even wash the dishes,*

*You think that I, in kissing you,
Must surely kiss the others too.*

—Elizabeth Baldwin '35

SPRING

*The zephyrs winds are here again,
They run soft fingers through my hair,
Daffodils peep through the ground,
Ah—Spring is more than I can bear!*

*The youths around me fall in love,
In ecstatic transports they are carried,
But what have I to do with this?*

I've gone and gotten safely married.

—Elizabeth Stayer New '35

Horace

AN EDITORIAL

This year marks the 2,000th anniversary of the first great lyric poet, the Roman, Horace. During those 2,000 years millions of people have read the personal, charming works and have been inspired to write lyrics of their own.

Besides being a great poet, Horace was a philosopher. His two outstanding philosophies were the golden mean and *carpe diem*, of seize the day, both of which have been followed through the ages.

In his own life, Horace was a follower of moderation. He lived with great delight on his Sabine farm, the gift of his patron, Maecenas. He enjoyed the simple pleasures of country life and commemorated them in his poems. Being a scorner of luxury, the vanity of riches, the power of gold and the Persian luxury were among the subjects which he chose to write on. His time was the era of gold and luxury among Romans which makes his simple life all the more remarkable.

Moderation in all things, simplicity, the golden mean, enjoyment of the joys today brings, these are Horace and even 2,000 years after him, they are principles as good as gold. His ideal of literature is shown in this excerpt from the Art of Poetry:

*"Set down that work, and that alone, as good,
Which, blurred and blotted, checked and counterchecked,
Has stood all tests, and issued forth correct."*



Hobbies

AN EDITORIAL

WHAT IS THE FAVORITE HOBBY AT WESLEYAN?

Why, horseback riding, of course! At present, it is by far the most popular sport at Wesleyan. The minute classes are over, horseback riding enthusiasts mount their favorites and go for a brisk canter through the woods. At other times, they ride in the ring and proudly put their horses through a fox trot, fast trot, rack, canter, and a step and pace—that is, they do it with the help of Mr. Stepp.

When the girls are not riding, they are talking about horses—about the delightful rack that Bess has, about Maytime's personality or about how bad it was Lazy-bones, the colt, fell down and skinned his knee. To be able to enter into the conversation some girls have taken up riding in self-defense, and immediately it becomes their hobby. There is nothing like it, and woe is the person at Wesleyan who does not like horses.

WHAT IS THE FAVORITE HOBBY AT WESLEYAN?

Why literature, of course! Anybody could tell that by walking into the library on a glorious afternoon when the outdoors is so inviting, and seeing girls intent on their literary work. Some girls are reading Shakespeare, Tennyson, Byron, and Masfield. No, it is not parallel—they are reading it for enjoyment. Others look dreamily off into space for fully fifteen minutes, then write feverishly for a while, and another poem is composed. If you don't believe reading is a hobby at Wesleyan, just try to get one of the latest novels and you will find yourself on a waiting list for eight.

WHAT IS THE FAVORITE HOBBY AT WESLEYAN?

Why love, of course! Wesleyan girls know the art. They make Macon girls sit up and take notice. First, there is the flirtatious freshman who enjoys her rah, rah "beaus" with never less than seven on the string at one time. Next there is the suffering sophomore who falls in and out of love monthly and endures the pain of heartaches. Then there follows the jealous junior who concentrates on the "chosen one" and wears his fraternity pin. Last of all is the serious senior—then what? A diamond and prospects of a cozy apartment follow. Yes, love is a gratifying hobby. It gets results!

The Editor



The Gallant Colonel

SUSANNE WILSON

There have been many stories written about Kentucky colonels, both true and false. But in the annals of the history of the race track, one follower of the horses will always be remembered as the "Gallant Colonel"—a true gentleman.

Colonel Jewett Henry came from Masonville, Kentucky. That in itself places him, for Masonville, with its many hopes and dreams of sending in a Derby winner to the post, remained only a small Kentucky town, neither in the bluegrass nor the mountains—known merely as the center of the dark tobacco section. The little town fairly ached to be known around the tracks, and for many years had held the last secret hope that perhaps, through the colonel, it might yet realize its aspirations. True, many blooded horses had been sold from the racing stables of the vicinity, but always, they had won fame for their new owners, and no one seemed to remember that they had not originally come from the stables of the bluegrass or the east. But Masonville and the colonel knew that one day, they would send in a winner.

Outsiders often wondered why the colonel never used any of the fortune his father left him to establish a stable and make his colors known. But anyone in Masonville could have told them the story of how old Jonathan Henry on his death bed made the boy promise not to spend a cent of his money on "those devilish racing horses".

So the boy kept his word, but the way he threw that money away! And yet it looked as if he just could not get rid of it, for everything he touched turned to gold. Finally, he got so restless he left the little town with its aspirations behind him and set out to see the world in general, and its race tracks in particular.

It wasn't until he began dabbling in oil that he began to lose his money. Then it went like water. He bought stock in every well that was drilled in Kentucky

and ended up practically a pauper when the boom was over. He was the happiest person imaginable when he came back to Masonville broke, except for his old home and the land surrounding it that was worthless at that time.

The first thing he did was to sell a little of the land, buy Kentucky Maid and put her in training for the Derby. He and "Nigger Charlie" worked on her for a year, ran her on every track around there and had her in fine shape for the big race.

Derby day dawned cool and fair. The first sun rays were laggards compared to the grooms and jockeys around the stables. The air was full of the smell of horses, of well oiled leather, of cigarette smoke and of coffee boiling. From every doorway came the sound of negroes' voices, some raised in plaintive melodies, some in gay tunes, and others merely in the usual wrangling. There was that indefinable feeling of anticipation, suspense and hurry that always prevail around the paddock at the Downs.

But by the first race of the afternoon the sky was overcast, and by the time for that last race the track looked like a young ocean.

With Charlie up the Maid had every chance to win if the track had only remained her kind—fast and hard—like it was that morning. But with that rain no human power could have put her through. She didn't even come in for place—that track was her undoing.

After that it looked as if she was jinxed. At Latonia she was fouled; at Saratoga she pulled a tendon; and in the south she just looked as if she were stale.

But the colonel wouldn't give up. He hung on until he had to sell his land piece by piece to keep up expenses on a horse that wasn't paying. Then finally the Maid gave out.

The colonel and Charlie parted from her tearfully, and went back and farmed what was left of the land, and kept on

the lookout for a horse that was within their price. But Colonel Henry was no farmer, and every horse he got his hands on ended up just as the Maid. You never saw a man's luck change so quickly. So he sold the last of the land and with a brief farewell to Charlie, set out alone.

Nobody ever knew just where he went—tidings of him drifted back from all corners of the earth, and whimsical stories of the "Wandering colonel" became familiar the country over. But finally the colonel began to yearn for home and one more fling at the races, so he came back.

Witnesses of their meeting said Charlie just stood and looked at his master, then said "Fo' Gawd, boss, I 'bout figgered you wasn't coming back. But heah you is, and heah's ole Charlie and he can still ride even if he is a mite decrepit. You got a hoss?"

And his master answered, "No, Charlie, I don't own anything that's even kin to horse flesh, but I haven't got so much longer either, and I'm going to have a Derby winner yet. Got any prospects, Charlie?"

Charlie hadn't, but a few days later, when the old house was once more opened, and the smaller stable stood ready to receive its long awaited thoroughbred, Charlie came trudging up the driveway, leading a frisky, dancing year-old.

His face was one broad grin. "Hey, boss! Looka here!"

Colonel Henry turned from where he stood superintending the conditioning of the trial track and come closer.

He said nothing until he had taken in every detail—until he had noted her every good point and run his hand down her forehead, felt the strong sinewy legs and caressed the sleek hide. Then, "There's blood there, Charlie. She's—" his black eyes lit up, his white hair fairly bristled and the years dropped from his face—"Charlie, that's the Maid's filly. She's bound to be—I'd know her anywhere. Where'd you get her? You black rascal you, if she's just got the stuff—And she's got it Charlie. That's what is called real horse flesh!"

He didn't wait for Charlie to tell him

that she was too nervous for a riding horse, and that the lady who owned her was selling her for a song. She had told Charlie that the mare was of Kentucky Maid, a horse that her husband had bought to use as a foal mare, and when he had been injured some years ago, had not bothered with the horses at all. So she was only too glad to sell the troublesome little horse.

That was in October, and the Colonel's Maid was put through the most rigorous training a horse ever under-went. That winter they took her south, and while she was not a sensation, she was a consistent runner in the money, and the colonel's hopes rose.

A month before the Derby in May, Colonel Jewett, Charlie, and the Maid arrived at Churchill Downs. The colonel was taking no chances. She should race on the track under all conditions, and be ready to the last grooming.

You wouldn't have known the colonel. He was a changed man. Whereas for so long he had that lost, waiting expression of men who wait for tomorrows that never come, now he beamed on the world in general. He was a man of affluence. He was no longer merely looking on and betting on other men's entries. He was entering, and entering the Colonel's Maid. What is more, he would have told you, she was going to win. He even strutted a little, and looked over the other entries with a condescending eye and manner, then scurried to his stalls to tell Charlie what he had seen. He had come into his own.

In the next few weeks the spry, white haired old gentleman, with his closely trimmed mustache became a familiar figure, sitting on the fence clocking his horse or briskly helping old Charlie about the stalls.

As the time drew nearer, everyone came to know the man, and he and his little mare that no one knew much about, yet had heard so much about, became the general topic of conversation. His previous failures were written up, his checkered past revived, and Masonville, became in the papers at last, the home

of many "well remembered kings of the track," and Colonel Henry its hero.

At last it was May the seventeenth. The colonel was one small bundle of nerves and excitement, and last minute advice for Charlie. Charlie himself remained calmly rubbing the Maid or walking her up and down.

It was a bare quarter of an hour before that last great race was called. Cameras clicked and the colonel and Charlie and the Maid posed for picture after picture. One last pose and they were done. The colonel stepped briskly forward and grasped the reins, and as the cameras registered that picture, a child's balloon escaped from restraining hands and bounced beneath the Maid. Quick as lightning the child was after it, and the Maid shied! God above knows how it really happened—not one of the crowd standing about could tell. But the frantic little horse came down with both feet on the frail piece of humanity that clung so tenaciously to her bridle while it pushed a child out of danger.

The crowd gasped, and the Maid, content with her part in the affair, stood quiet while Charlie knelt beside his master and tenderly lifted his head in his arms.

A doctor came, shook his head, and drew aside. The colonel opened his eyes, and murmured, "that's all right, Charlie,

it's her first win, you know. Ride—her anyway. Our colors have got to—fly on the downs—today. There's—the bugle—now. Ride her, darky, as you—never rode—before."

And even the Maid seemed to understand and lowered her haughty head, and with her velvety nose, nuzzled the slight figure that her jockey seemed so reluctant to leave. Then Charlie swung up, and the Maid went to the post.

"Carry me to the—rail, Boys—I've got to see 'em come—home", begged the "Gallant Colonel".

So as Charlie rode past on the Colonel's Maid, the colonel himself watched from arms that held him tenderly by the rail where he was wont to stand. Then "They're off!"

The little horseman shuddered, and closed his eyes. The field entered the last stretch and the glazed, dark eyes fluttered open again. "Come on, Maid—it's for me and for Masonville—you know." And as his voice died away in a whisper, a mighty shout went up from the grandstand—the Maid had won!

Whether he saw the Maid win so gallantly or not, I'm sure he knew, for as the little mare crossed the finishing line, her master finished his great race, also, and the colors of the "Gallant Colonel" floated above the downs. Masonville and Colonel Henry had sent up a winner.



New Complexes for Old

DRAMA

By HELEN SMART

Time—To-day

Scene—Any modern, comfortable home of the middle classes.

Characters—Jean Daley, Allen Daley, her twin; Mr. Daley, Mrs. Daley.

Scene 1

The curtain rises on the living room of the Daley's home. The room is moderately and tastefully furnished. Newspapers and books give the room a "lived-in" appearance. Mrs. Daley sits by a table lamp sewing. She is an attractive, youngish-looking woman in her early forties. She looks intelligent, capable. Mr. Daley sits in an easy chair, his newspaper half-lowered as he listens to his children's conversation. He is an easy-going man whose outstanding characteristics are his sense of humor and his love of his home. Jean is curled up on the sofa. She is a bright, attractive girl—slim, pretty, and modishly dressed. Allen has draped his lean length over the arm of the sofa. He is a typical, American boy—wide-shouldered and slim-hipped, a clean cut mouth and honest eyes.

Allen. It's really not at all hard to understand, Mother. Everything is simply in your subconscious mind . . .

Mother. (patiently) What is, Allen?

Allen. Oh, all your ideas . . . and . . . er . . . your suppressed desires . . . and things like that.

Dad. (raising paper) I've got a desire right now that isn't so suppressed.

Jean. (eagerly) That's just it, Dad. You shouldn't suppress anything. Inhibitions are what wreck your life.

Mother. (gravely) Have they wrecked your life, Jean?

Jean. Well, no . . . but they would have if I hadn't found out in time . . .

Mother. Found out what?

Jean. How to give expression to my libido.

Dad. (chokes behind paper) How to do what?

Jean. (sighing) Never mind, Dad. You wouldn't understand.

Allen. (self-importantly) Now, listen here, folks. What Jean and I are trying to tell you is simple enough. We just mean you must get used to us being a bit different from now on. Going to college is a wonderfully broadening thing . .

Dad. I thought Jean looked as if she'd put on a little weight . . .

Jean. (severely) Don't be stupid, Dad. What Allen means is that we're emancipated. We're no longer bound by conventions, we must express ourselves . . .

Dad. You seem to be doing that admirably.

Allen. (indesperate appeal) Don't *you* understand, Mother? We've come into our own intellectually. We've got rid of prejudices, and what unenlightened people call morals . . .

Mother. What do enlightened people call them, Allen?

Allen. (dismissing them with a wave of his hand) Oh, just defense mechanisms . . . or mental sets.

Mother. (amusement in her smile) And you and Jean have quite done away with such things?

Jean. (going over and sitting on arm of Mother's chair.) Why, of course, Mother. They repress you and then you can't . . . well, . . . er . . . you can't . . .

Dad. (helpfully) Express yourself.

Jean. Well, yes, and that's very important.

Dad. I'm sure it must be. Tell me, young neophyte of the intelligentsia, what do you do when you express yourself?

Jean. (vaguely) Oh, various things. One boy at school had a repressed desire to break glass, so one night he threw stones through all the windows in Townley Hall.

Dad. (nodding sympathetically) And a fine and manly thing to do, too. No doubt it met with the approval of the authorities. But you surprise me, my prodigy, are there really others like you and that remarkable brother of yours at your college?

Mother. Frank—my dear—

Allen. (resignedly) Don't worry about Dad, Mother. He simply doesn't understand. You and he are of the old order. You see, you have a lot to learn. Lots is happening in the world now. You're practically buried here

Dad. (nodding assent) You know how it is, Elsie. Practically buried alive with nothing but the neighbors and the radio and the newspapers and

Allen. (ignoring him) And you must realize that these ideas you have about things are simply outmoded.

Mother. About *what* things, my dear boy?

Allen. (he, too, is vague) Oh, life . . . and love . . . and all . . .

Dad. What's wrong with love? (winking at his wife) Isn't Jimmy a pretty nice sort of a fellow, Jean?

Jean. Love is easily explainable in terms of the biological urge, Dad.

Dad. Poor Jimmy! Just another biological urge . . . and I always liked the chap . . .

Allen. (impatiently) Dad, I do wish you wouldn't treat us as if we were still children!

Dad. (mildly) Why do you act like them then?

Jean. (indignantly) Oh! You're hopeless! (Stops suddenly. An idea has struck her.) Allen, we mustn't blame Dad. It's natural. Simply an assertion of his ego, you know—attempt to adjust himself to . . .

Dad. (groaning) Oh, Lord. I'm going to bed. Elsie, you can sit up with this if you want to. I'm going to bed and sleep off my suppressed desires.

Mother. Frank, we owe it to them to listen. Perhaps we simply don't understand

Dad. (sinks back in chair) All right, I'm ready. Come, ye young sophisticates, tell me what's happened in the world while I've been buried here these several decades.

Allen. (earnestly) Well, you see, Dad, people have found out that the ideas you folks had . . . well, say back in the Victorian age . . . are all wrong. That's why

everyone's a failure, and unhappy and maladjusted now

Jean. (chimes in eagerly) Yes, and it's up to us, the coming generation, to set things right.

Dad. (solemnly) It's mighty good of you young folks to do this for us who are tottering around here practically with one foot in the grave.

Jean. Oh, it isn't for you, Dad. It's for ourselves. We must express ourselves

Dad. My dear, you've been in process of that very thing all evening. Is that all you do when you get liberated?

Mother. Allen, suppose you try to tell us a little more definitely what you mean. We're trying to be patient and understand, you see.

Allen. Well, of course you mustn't expect us to go to Sunday school and church and those things anymore . . .

Dad. Really? Does church give you suppressed desires? I remember one time when there was an old man asleep next to me in church, and I had a repressed desire to tweak his nose, but I always thought . . .

Allen. (impatiently) Will you let me explain? Religion simply isn't intellectually sound. It's a myth, and intelligent people don't—

Mother. (anxiously) Why, Allen, Brother Ramsford is a *most* cultured and intellectual man. He's

Allen. But he's not emancipated, Mother! Don't you see? This whole town (with a scornful wave of his hand) just rocks along with the same ideas—sleepy and foggy-headed.

Dad. How fortunate we have two young intellectuals to wake us up! What else don't you do besides go to church?

Jean. (vaguely) Well . . . er . . . we just don't do anything we don't want to . . . and . . . er . . . we don't *believe* in things

Dad. (sympathetically) Now that's too bad. What's the matter with things?

Mother. (gently) What don't you believe in, Jean dear?

Jean. (hesitatingly— then defiant) Well, . . . er . . . Marriage, for one thing.

Dad. That's probably because you've never tried it.

Allen. Now, Dad, you must try to get rid of your old inhibitions. Marriage is rapidly being outmoded. It's just a habit people get into. It's perfectly ridiculous to say you'll love one person all your life. You cramp yourself—you get into a mental set. Life becomes dull—a routine . . .

Dad. My goodness, Elsie! How have we stood it!

Mother. (she is a little anxious) Children, I really don't think you know what you're talking about.

Allen. Oh, yes, we do! We have to live our own lives, and we know how we want to do it . . .

Jean. You'll get used to us in time.

Dad. I daresay, but what'll we do in the meantime?

Allen. (helpfully) Read a few books on psychology, Dad. You'll find out how everything is stimulus and response. Life is just made up of sensations. All that stuff about moral obligations and so forth is bosh. That sort of thing goes against your natural impulses, and pretty soon you're maladjusted. Now I have a book by Freud . . .

Dad. Thanks, son, but after forty-odd years of maladjustment, I guess I can stand a bit more. In fact, I've become quite attached to it. I daresay I'd be quite unhappy if I weren't maladjusted now . . .

Jean. (rises with a sigh) We might as well go, Allen. Mother and Dad, you'll just have to get used to us as we are. You must be realistic. See things as they are. Face life honestly. The old order changeth, you know . . .

Dad. And the new order doesn't know enough to change . . .

Mother. Where are you going? Jean, isn't Jimmy coming over to-night? (Jean and Allen are at door. They turn around and Jean delivers her parting shot.)

Jean. (with superiority) We're going to the Black Cat Inn to meet some friends. And Mother, please don't talk to me about Jimmy anymore. He's a nice boy, but he simply isn't my intellectual equal. I've definitely outgrown him. He belonged to

my naive days. I've put him away with my other childish habits. Good-night; don't wait up for us. (They go out)

Dad. Well, of all the insufferable . . . ! Elsie! Isn't that Black Cat Inn the place that was raided a few months ago?

Mother. I'm afraid it is, dear.

Dad. The young boobies! If I had a self like that I'd certainly not go around expressing it. I'd keep it a secret.

Mother. (trace of anxiety) Frank, what has happened to them? I never heard such gibbering in my life.

Dad. (thoughtfully) We all go through that stage, I guess, when we're so immature that we think maturity consists in cynicism. And I remember when I was twenty, I thought anyone forty or more was senile and doddering. You come through all right if you have the right kind of parents.

Mother. Well, what shall we do? It's certainly no good to argue with them, and they're too old to be told "you must" or "you mustn't". Yet I hate to see them do anything really foolish . . .

Dad. So do I, because they're really pretty decent kids, if they are mine. If we oppose them at all, they'll immediately decide they're repressed. And imagine living in the same house with two repressed intellectuals! Ye gods!

Mother. (thoughtfully) We must be tactful . . .

Dad. By all means. (Pause while both think. Suddenly Dad slaps his knee) I've got it, Elsie! We'll beat them at their own game! We'll go as far as they do, and one step farther!

Mother. What in this world are you talking about?

Dad. (joyfully) I mean we'll go modern! We'll go Freudian! We'll have them on bended knees begging us to be inhibited again . . .

Mother. (in wide-eyed astonishment) I believe my whole family's crazy!

Dad. (still elated) My dear wife, you and I shall give these young free-thinkers a run for their money. Before we're through with them, they'll be howling for a few repressions!

Mother. (folding hands helplessly in

lap) I'm sure I don't see what you mean at all, but I suppose it's all right.

Dad. (in high glee) Come, come, my dear. You mustn't give way to a mere mental set! (He draws his chair close to hers and begins talking in a low tone. As the curtain falls, he is saying) Now here's my idea . . .

Curtain

Scene II

It is the same room several days later. The time is in the morning. Jean is staring moodily out of the window. Allen walks restlessly to and fro smoking a cigarette.

Allen. (with irritation) It's the first time they ever failed to come to breakfast. Do you suppose they're sick?

Jean. I knocked on the door and Mother said they'd be down later. She *sounded* all right.

Allen. (going over to her) Look here, Jean. Have you noticed anything funny about them lately?

Jean. (with emphasis) Funny! I don't call it funny! They act as if they're out of their minds. They talk about the awfulest things right out in public . . . free love, and all that sort of thing. And the other day I even heard Dad tell Mother to let the Woman's Missionary Society go to hell.

Allen. (incredulously) In the name of . . . ! Jean, you didn't!

Jean. Oh yes I did. And when I said something about it, he said the Woman's Missionary Society was just a habit, and that he didn't believe in habits. They cramped one's . . .

Allen. (hastily) Yes, Yes, I know. You know . . . er . . . of course . . . he's right in a way, Jean. I mean, we believe in self-expression, and we're emancipated, and . . .

Jean. (doubtfully) Y . . . es . . . of course. But your *own* mother . . .

Allen. Shhhh, here she comes now.

(Enter Mother. She looks bright and cheerful)

Mother. Good-morning, children. Is there any coffee left?

Jean. Mother, what in this world is

the matter with you and Dad? We waited breakfast for a half an hour.

Mother. (casually, while picking up morning paper) Oh, we just didn't feel like getting up. Hmnn . . . I see Mr. and Mrs. Blake are getting a divorce. Well, serves her right—cross, nagging old thing! She . . .

Allen. (sternly) Mother, what time did you and Dad get in last night?

Mother. (puckering forehead) Now let me see. Was it three-thirty this morning . . . or . . . oh, no (smiles sweetly at him), that was yesterday morning. About five this morning, I should say, Allen.

Allen. And what in the name of thunder were you doing out until five in the morning?

Mother. Oh, various things. We stayed at the party until quite late, and then on the way home, your father decided he wanted to drive around the streets and count milkwagons.

Jean and Allen. (in horrified chorus) Count Milkwagons!

Mother. Yes. He said he'd always had a suppressed desire to count milkwagons at five o'clock in the morning, but he'd never been able to get up early enough . . .

Allen. Ye gods! A man of his age!

(Enter Dad. He falls into nearest chair holding head in hands.)

Dad. 'Morning. Elsie, I want coffee. Lots of coffee. Good, strong, black . . .

Jean. (going to him quickly) Are you ill, Dad?

Dad. No, my daughter dear. Just suffering from the effects of a wee bit of joviality last night.

Allen. Dad! Do you mean to say you got tight!

Dad. (puzzled) Got what?

Allen. Tight. You know . . . stewed . . . pried . . . high . . . I mean, *drunk*!

Dad. Oh, *that*. Well, it was a rather Bacchanalian evening if I remember correctly. Eh, Elsie? Incidentally, you looked mighty pretty last night, my dear, and did you have that young Italian singer all hot and bothered over you! I've never seen such a soulful, elevated look as he wore when you two came back from the

balcony! Jean, you should take lessons from your mother.

Jean. (in disgust) I never heard of such a thing! I don't think I want to hear anymore about it.

Allen. (belligerently) Well, I do! I want to know what else happened last night. I'm going to get to the bottom of this!

Dad. (thoughtfully) Now let me see. Did anything else happen last night, Elsie?

Mother. Well, there *was* the time you poured a cocktail down Mrs. Turner's back, you remember . . .

Jean and Allen. What!

Dad. Oh, yes. Been wanting to do that for years. She looks so stiff, I've always wanted to see her wiggle. I always felt a little inhibited about it before, though. That was before I knew about Freud. Wonderful, this modern freedom of ours. Now when I was a boy I wouldn't have thought of pouring anything down anybody's back. It just shows what a little education can do. This self-expression is a fine thing. It's . . .

Jean. It's disgusting!

Allen. Mother, weren't you horribly embarrassed?

Mother. (with vague, misty smile) I hardly noticed, my dear. At the moment Nicolo was talking to me . . .

Allen. (his patience breaking) And who under high heaven is Nicolo?

Dad. He's the singer that's so crazy about your mother. (chuckling) Guess you didn't mind him so much yourself, did you, Elsie?

Jean. (passionately) Dad, how *can* you sit there and talk to your wife like that! Mother, how could you carry on a cheap flirtation . . .

Mother. (in amazement) Listen to the child! Jean, don't tell me you believe in those old, outmoded conventions of marriage . . .

Dad. Don't you want your mother to give expression to her libido? Surely you don't want her to be repressed and maladjusted!

Jean. Well . . . I know . . . but . . .

(She is at a loss. Looks helplessly at Allen)

Allen. (also nonplussed) Oh, of course it's the right idea, all right, but . . . well, it seems sort of different somehow—

Dad. (reassuringly) Well, no doubt we'll all get used to each other in time. And now where's my coffee?

Allen. Come on, Jean. Let's go for a ride. I want to talk to you. (The children go out, and as soon as the door is closed Mother and Dad break into hearty laughter.)

Mother. (between laughs) My dear, you were perfect! But, Frank, they think us degenerates! I can't bear for my own children to think . . .

Dad. None of that now, Elsie. We've just begun this business, you know. They've got the surprise of their sophisticated young lives coming to them.

Mother. Well, I only hope the Lord will forgive us for the lies we told.

Dad. (chuckling) I only hope the good Lord is half as pleased as I am!

Curtain

Scene III

It is the same room. The time is the next morning. Allen is in the room by himself. He walks over to table and picks up magazine. He throws it down impatiently, and walks restlessly around. Just then Jean's voice is heard.

Jean. Allen . . . oh, Allen!

Allen. I'm in the front room, sis. What's up?

(Jean bursts in. Fright is written on her face)

Jean. Allen! Mother hasn't been home all night!

Allen. Jean, you're joking! Or else . . . you must be mistaken.

Jean. (sinking into nearest chair) Oh, no I'm not. When I first got up I went by her room and knocked. She didn't answer, and I thought she was asleep, and just now I went in to wake her up, for the dressmaker is coming in half an hour, and her bed hasn't even been slept in!

Allen. Maybe she got up and dressed and made up her bed and went out somewhere.

Jean. Don't be stupid. We've been here all morning. How could she get out of the house without our knowing it? Oh, Allen! (her voice rises to a wail) Something dreadful has happened to her! She's been kidnapped or murdered or something awful!

Allen. (agitatedly) Now don't start crying, sis. That won't help. Besides, nothing could happen to her, for she must have been with Dad. Say, Jean, that's an idea. Is Dad here?

Jean. (sits bolt upright in the middle of a sob) Gosh, I hadn't thought of that! Go up to his room and see—quickly, Allen! (Allen starts out of room, and just at that moment Mother enters by the street entrance. She is wearing an evening dress and wrap, but seems quite unconcerned and at ease.)

Mother. Good morning, my dears. Dear me. Such bad taste to wear an evening dress this early in the morning, and on the streets, too. But I must admit I almost enjoyed it. It *was* a novelty, and you know . . .

Jean. Oh, Mother, Mother! Where have you been?

Mother. I just spent the night out, dear.

Allen. (grimly) We've been able to deduce that much. *Where* did you spend the night?

Mother. (innocently) At a hotel.

Jean. Mother!

Allen. (with controlled deliberateness) What in this world were you doing at a hotel?

Mother. I was there with a man—a very dear friend of mine.

Allen. (clasps head in hands) Oh, ye gods . . .

Jean. (dramatically) This is more than I can stand! *My* mother. . . .

Mother. Well, if you two aren't the queerest! I thought you believed in self-expression . . .

Jean. (miserably) I never want to hear that word again.

Allen. And if you have any more desires, Mother, I wish you'd keep them suppressed!

Mother. How changeable young folks are today! I thought you said . . .

Allen. Never mind what we said! This has gone far enough. We want a home again, and a real mother and father . . . (Dad comes in from street entrance also)

Dad. What's the matter with *us*?

Jean. Oh, Dad, Mother stayed out all night!

Allen. At a hotel!

Jean. With a man!

Dad. (Turning to Mother) I hope you had a pleasant time, my dear.

Mother. Very pleasant, thank you.

Allen. (horrified) Dad! Aren't you going to do anything about it? Aren't you even . . .

Dad. What should I do?

Allen. (fiercely) Do you know what I'd like to do to that man—that scoundrel . . .

Dad. (interestedly) No . . . what?

Allen. (with proper gestures) I'd like to strangle him!

Dad. (runs finger around edge of collar, and clears throat) Hmnnn . . . Aren't you . . . er . . . a bit . . . er . . . hasty, my boy?

Jean. (suspiciously) By the way, Dad, where have *you* been? You must have been out all night, too.

Dad. Well, as a matter of fact, I brought your mother home from the hotel, and then put the car in the garage, and here I am.

Jean. Brought Mother home!

Allen. From the hotel!

Dad. Yes. I spent the night there . . . with a lady—a very close friend of mine. (he smiles at his wife.)

(Jean and Allen stare in open-mouthed astonishment. Finally Jean speaks.)

Jean. (slowly) You mean that *you* and Mother . . .

Mother. (brightly) It was your father's idea. He said for years he'd had a repressed desire for us to have a second honeymoon, so we decided just to run off for the evening and have a party by ourselves. And we did. It was fun. (she smiles lovingly at her husband.)

Allen. Well, of all the . . . ! (stops short and turns to his sister.) Jean, marriage is a great institution.

Jean. Oh, I feel so much better! (puts an arm around Mother and looks toward Dad) Dear Mother and Dad, let's don't

any of us ever talk about complexes and inhibitions and such things any more! Let's just be normal.

Dad. Abnormal, you mean.

Jean. Have it your way. Just so long as no one expresses themselves around this house, I don't care what you call it. Well, folks, if you'll excuse me for a few mo-

ments . . . (starts out of room)

Mother. Where are you going, Jean?

Jean. (slightly shamefacedly) Well . . . er . . . to tell the truth . . . I . . . was going to call Jimmy. I . . . er . . . thought he might like to come around to-night.

Dad. (happily) Yes, do, my dear. We need a biological urge in the family!

Curtain.

THE PROVERBIAL MORNING AFTER WITHOUT BENEFIT OF THE NIGHT BEFORE

*I've never trod the primrose path,
I live in righteous state;
Yet people paint me scarlet,
And eyebrows elevate.*

*I've gained the reputation
Yet never had the fun—
I really grow quite envious
Of the things they say I've done!*

—Anonymous

CONFESSION

*I'm a star in a fog,
Lichen on a tree,
A slimy green frog,
A fat yellow bee.*

*I'm a flame on a sail,
White cow on a lea,
A knight's coat of mail,
A leaf of brown tea.*

*I'm a gay fairy queen,
A grey rabbit's ears
Green sea's shimmering sheen,
A fountain of tears.*

*I'm the fleck of a wing,
Scum on a pool,
In fact anything
But a student in school.*

—Frances Houser '38

VALIANT

*I'll never be brilliant,
I'll never be wise,
I'll never learn
To use my eyes.*

*I'm sulky and moody,
I'm wilful and spoiled,
A serpent within me
Is lying coiled.*

*Skill has escaped me,
How far I can't tell,
The good in me
Is drowned in a well.*

*I may be beginning,
My senses to lose,
But I wouldn't step
In anyone's shoes!*

—Frances Houser '38

APOLOGIES TO FISHBACK

*Although I tremble and turn pale
And swear my love forever—
Although I speak of heart's entwined
Which death alone can sever,
Yet still my appetite is good—
I'm even growing fatter;
I try to look aesthetic, but still,
I find my food does matter.
Oh, why must I be normal when
I long to pass away!
Dear Lord, please make me soulful and
Not healthier every day!*

—Anonymous



Wesleyan Then and Now

MARY SEABROOK SMITH

Cheer up, Wesleyannes—you who are bemoaning the fact that you can't go "night riding," or smoke, or dance, or play cards. Maybe your freedom isn't restricted so much after all—rules at Wesleyan now are *nothing* compared to what they were twelve or fifteen years ago. The Wesleyan girl of long ago really did have something to complain about but she loved it.

And maybe the faculty members complained too! Up until 1921, every girl who left the campus to go out of town was chaperoned by a faculty member. Each girl signed with the Counselor of Women, or "matron" as she was called then, when she expected to go home. She was then provided with a faculty chaperon who not only accompanied her to the depot, but also met her there when she returned to the city.

"I have made as many as fourteen trips to town in one day for the purpose of chaperoning," said Mrs. White. "Not only did I chaperone girls who wished to leave the city, but every girl who wanted to go to a doctor, also."

Such rules as these were contemporaries of dear old "Aunt Anna," the good-natured old colored woman who rang the "risin' bell" so faithfully each morning. Immediately after Aunt Anna's alarm the "all well woman" began her job of "knocking up floors." She made the rounds of the dormitory, tapping at each door and was told how many girls in each room were well and how many were feeling "po'ly."

"I had to make a change there," said Mrs. White, "because too many girls found it convenient to feel badly and remain in their rooms on the day of a test, term paper, or the like."

Of course, cooking in the dormitory rooms was absolutely against the rules. Mrs. Burk, who served the college for so many years, enforced this rule very rigidly before the days of student government.

"I remember one time," laughed Mrs.

White, "when Mrs. Burk smelled sausage cooking in the dormitory. She started immediately to look for its origin and finally found a young lady holding a piece of sausage over a gas burner. The girl was very much upset over Mrs. Burk's finding her, but was much more disturbed over the prospects of losing her food. 'Oh Mrs. Burk,' she said, 'restrict me for four weeks if you want to, but please let me eat the sausage'".

And thus things stood when mother, grandmother, and great-grandmother were in school. Our predecessors of a few years ago were not so much better off, though. Did you know that at the time when the headquarters of the college were moved from College street to Rivoli that Wesleyan girls were not even permitted to have church dates?

Yes, going to a church service with a young man was practically unheard of for any Wesleyanne unless she had joined the ranks of the Seniors. On the Sunday after the Junior prom—which is the event of the four years to which all underclassmen look forward and all Seniors regard with fond memories—members of the Junior class were allowed to go to church with their prom date, provided the young man was from out of town. Even this special Sunday was no exception to the rule that each girl must attend the church of her own denomination every Sunday. At the beginning of each year a list of the churches to which members of the student body belonged was given to the Dean of Women, and thereafter each girl was required to attend her own church regularly.

In those days freshmen were allowed only two dates a month as contrasted with the modern first year girl of the class of '38 who goes in town twice each week for a picture show date and then entertains young swains out at the college each night of the week-end. The Sophs were then allowed to have "young men callers either Saturday or Sunday eve-

ning until 10:30." Juniors had dates (when asked) on Friday and Saturday evenings and Seniors every evening, but everyone said "good night" at 10:30 regardless of age or scholastic standing.

"Circuses or other questionable places of amusement" were ruled out entirely by the board of trustees of the college. Such forms of entertainment were not considered proper for respectable young ladies and hence were prohibited. Nor was attendance at the Grand Theater in keeping with the will of the trustees and a Wesleyan girl was never seen witnessing a show there—or, so we are told.

For real recreation and happiness a freshman or a sophomore might talk to a young man—of good standing—in a down town drug store or the College Hill Pharmacy for a period of time not exceeding ten minutes. Juniors and Seniors had the privilege of conversing with members of the opposite sex for an entire half hour! Upper-classmen, too, might attend a chapel performance with a young man, but this was to be recorded as a regular date.

"Speaking of dates," said Mrs. White, "I recall an amusing incident that occurred during Dr. Jenkins' administration. He walked into a parlor one evening and found a young man kissing his date good-night. Dr. Jenkins cleared his throat to make his presence known and immediately found himself confronted with two very much embarrassed young people. The boy stammered and stuttered but finally managed to say, "Er-r, I I—I'm sorry I er- didn't know it was against the rules."

Sunday quiet hour, which was abolished here last year, was rigidly enforced not so many years ago. Each girl was expected to retire to her own room at three-thirty o'clock every Sunday afternoon and read from the Scriptures until 5:30. Needless to say a Sunday afternoon "bull session" would have been an intolerable breach of regulations. Sunday afternoon was a time for quiet meditation, and everyone understood this and obeyed accordingly. Juniors and Seniors might "walk and visit" before and after quiet

hour on Sunday afternoon, but Freshmen and Sophomores were confined to their rooms from dinner time till Vespers.

Seniors of course, had a few privileges in addition to those granted her sisters of the under classes. She might leave the campus any morning or afternoon "if properly chaperoned." (Witness the fact that the Sophomore of today may ride any afternoon with a young man and another couple, *unchaperoned*.)

The Wesleyan Senior of seven years ago could "go to walk after dinner when the days are longer, provided she returns before the lights are turned on." Maybe members of the present Senior class will petition for that privilege after spring holidays this year!

And complaints are made continually of the hardship of having to sign out before leaving the college for a week-end! In those days of not so long ago, students departing from or returning to the college by automobile had to be accompanied by a near relative or a chaperon approved by the Dean of Women—or else they did not leave. Out-of-town visits were strictly limited. (Maybe a solution to Wesleyan's week-end problem lies right here.) Freshmen were allowed only one week-end visit each semester. Sophomores were allowed two visits, Juniors three, while Seniors were permitted to be away any week-end, provided, of course, their grades were merit deserving and that they had special permission from home for each visit.

Students at that time even had to sign out to go to the College Pharmacy. When going to that destination on Saturday night, it was necessary to sign before leaving in the Special privilege book. The girls were chaperoned there and were allowed to take a short walk en route provided they were not absent from the college longer than thirty minutes. Athletic contests were attended with young men only "occasionally"—and then each girl and her date were required to have a chaperon approved by the college officials.

So times have really changed and may-

be Wesleyan girls of 1935 are not caught in the straits of hard luck and hard rules, after all. And who knows but when a few more years have elapsed Wesleyan will

provide smoking rooms for her modern daughters, and there will be dances with soft lights, sweet music, and sweet nothings!

Visitors' Day

Short Story

By HELEN SMART

Old Jailor Ben closed the barred door and turned the key in the ponderous lock after the young lady and her guide had passed through. He then stood looking after her as her heels sounded down the resounding hall of the penitentiary.

"Wal, I'll be swiggered," he drawled, scratching his grisly head.

"What's eatin' you, ol' man?" It was a younger jailor who sat with chair tilted against the wall, and cap on the side of his head.

Old Ben was still staring after the retreating figure. "Wal, I dunno as how it's none of your business, Jim Ponder, but that young leddy I just let through was a-goin' to see Mike."

The chair came down to the floor with a bang. "Come on, now! You're pullin' my leg! Not a visitor for Mike!"

"That's just what she be." The older man still stood scratching his head with eyes fixed on some point far down the corridor. "It's almighty strange, all right."

Jim settled himself comfortably again. "It's almighty strange about Mike, anyways. Queer lookin' bird, ain't he? I don't recall as how I ever saw a man with one blue eye and one brown before. And both of them so sort of sharp—as if they was lookin' through you. Makes a man uncomfortable to look at him."

"Thet it does," Ben's eyes were reminiscent. "I remember when he first come here, plain as anything. I kin see him clear as I see you settin' there now. He weren't more'n twenty-five years old then, and a good-lookin' young rascal, but with a mouth as stubborn as that there stone wall. I thought then there'd sure be trouble with Mike, but he was quiet as a lamb, and he been that way ever since."

"That musta been a pretty good spell back. He ain't a young man now."

"Guess it was twenty-five or thirty years back. Mike done made hisself mighty well liked round here since then. I ain't never seed a man what was as thoughtful-like of other folks. Look'ee now at that little shop they let him have where he whittles things. He done spent all his time whittlin' a doll bed for Jess Swint's little gal, and all sech things as that. Seems like he don't care much what happens to Mike long as he can say a kind word to them as needs it and do a little something fer somebody now and then. He's even teachin' some of the boys to read and write. Queer old cuss, he is."

"What's he in fer, Ben? Murder?"

"Yeah, murder it was, and he got life for it, but don't nobody know nothin' about it. Mike's pleasant and friendly enough til somebody starts talking 'bout him, and then he closes that trap of his'n and sets there looking off somewheres with that stubborn look on his face like I seen when he first come here. He jest ain't interested in folks botherin' to ask him anything about hisself."

"Who'd he kill?"

"Some chump . . . in a drunk fight. Somehow that don't tie up with what you think about Mike, does it?"

"Naw. Plead guilty, did he?"

"Oh, yeah. That's all he'd say at the trial, so I hear. Jest stood there with that dogged look and said, 'I did it. That's enough fer you, ain't it?' I heard tell he wouldn't even talk to his lawyer, and he sho ain't talked to nobody since he's been here. Somehow you can't ask him much. He jest stares at you with that blue eye and brown eye and changes the subject, and you sorter shut up."

"Now who ye reckon that young lady be who ye jest let in? Seems to me I never heard of ol' Mike having visitors before."

"That's 'cause he ain't had none, young feller. For thirty years I've opened and shut these doors, and nobody ain't never come to see him before."

"Sort of funny, don't you think? See-in' as how folks here seem to like him such a smart lot."

"I always thought it queer. He never got no mail, either. But there ain't a man at this 'ere place, jailed or jailor, that wouldn't swear by him."

"What'd she look like, the woman you jest let through?"

"Wal, dunno as I noticed very close. Sort of peaked-like she was, I believe, with dark clothes on and dark glasses. I do wonder now—what business could she have with him?"

The object of his speculations was at that moment seated at a small table across which two eyes, one brown and one blue, were watching her. She commented upon the peculiarity. "Those are strange eyes, Mr. Denton. One doesn't often see any like them."

"A family trait, m'am." He looked at her without interest, without curiosity, without enthusiasm. "I don't believe I've had the pleasure of your acquaintance, m'am. If you'll tell me what I can do for you . . ."

"Yes, of course." She clasped her gloved hands and leaned forward on the table. "I'm from the Women's Welfare Society, Mr. Denton." She looked at him curiously. Still no interest, no sign of anything on his face. She went on. "You see, we're making a study of crime. I was asked to make a report on some case at our next meeting, and your warden here at the penitentiary said I might talk to you."

"I'm sorry, m'am." His voice was deferential but clipped and firm. "You'd better talk to someone else. I haven't anything to tell you."

She looked away from him, out through the iron barred windows to the sunshine beyond. "You've been here a long time, haven't you?"

He stretched back in his chair and re-

laxed. "Well, yes. Something like twenty-five years, I believe."

"The warden tells me you have a little shop here."

"Yes, Miss. I'm sort of handy at cutting out little trinkets, and it helps take up the time."

"Are they kind and lenient with you, Mr. Denton?"

He grinned. The reserves in his face and in his voice were melting. "Just call me Mike, lady. I've forgotten who Mr. Denton is. Kind, did you say? The kindest ever, m'am. I've no complaint."

"What are you here for, Mike?"

Some of the light went out of his eyes. She could almost see him draw into himself. "Murder," he said briefly, and the smile left his lips.

She did not press the matter, but rather asked impulsively. "Are you very unhappy here?"

He hesitated. "No . . . o . . . o, not any more than I would be anywhere else. Somehow here in these walls *she* doesn't seem so far away" He caught himself and stopped quickly.

"She?"

"My wife."

"She visits you?"

"She's dead."

"And have you any children?"

"One."

She had risen, and stood looking out of the window. Now she turned toward him suddenly. "Why are you afraid of me? Why won't you talk to me? Can't you see I want to help?"

His eyes were veiled, suspicious. "I'm not needing any help, thank you m'am."

"You do! You do!" Her voice rose. "The warden said you'd not talked to anyone about yourself, had taken no one into your confidence! Surely you need to get rid of a sin that's been on your soul for twenty-five years"

"It wasn't a sin!" The words fairly burst from his lips. His big hands were clenched.

She walked over to him and laid a hand on his shoulder. Her voice was quiet again. "You didn't really kill him, did you?"

Mike's face was working. The silence of twenty-five years was pounding in his throat. The words he had sealed in his heart were beating at his lips. He could feel the sympathy of those eyes behind the dark glasses. No one had really cared—not in twenty-five years. He felt her hand on his shoulder. Her voice was saying, "I think I'd understand, if you'd only let me."

He forgot she was a Welfare woman. He forgot everything except that here was sympathy and understanding. The ice he had encased himself in was cracking, was melting under the warmth of her gentleness. He'd not known a woman's gentleness . . . well, not in twenty-five years. Funny thing. This woman's voice was a little like he remembered Elsie's to be. Maybe it was that all women's voices sounded alike to him now.

"No," he said, and felt the iron chain he'd bound himself with snap. "No, I didn't kill him."

He felt weak all over. No need now to wonder why he'd done it. No need to reproach himself now. At last he had said what he'd sworn he'd never say, what he'd promised himself should be buried with him. It was very quiet in the little room. His head was on his hands, and she could hear his heavy breathing.

"Do you think you could talk to me about it?" Her voice was so quiet it hardly seemed to break the silence.

"I don't know . . . I haven't talked to anyone . . . I haven't *wanted* to talk"

"Yes, I know." She was silent again. And then, very softly, "Was she very lovely—your wife?"

He raised his head. The veil was lifted from his eyes now, and both blue and brown shone with a sudden light. "So lovely . . . so little . . . so helpless . . ." A sudden tremor shook him. "She was so sick . . . her face was so white on the pillow . . ."

"Was she so sick then, Mike?" There was gentle compassion in the voice that broke through his reminiscences.

"She died." The lips were drawn in a thin line. "It was the baby."

"That was before you came here?"

"Yes. Davey . . . you see, Davey . . ." his voice broke.

"Yes? What did Davey do?"

"She loved him so. Sometimes I thought she loved him more than she did me. Even when she was a little girl, she said, she loved him more than her other brothers. All her family felt that way about him. I guess that's why he was spoiled, a little, and . . ."

"Selfish?"

"Yes," reluctantly, "but he was a good enough boy at heart, and I was glad to have him live with us . . . only it used to make her so miserable when he came in drunk nearly every night. I tried to talk to him, but he wouldn't listen . . ."

"He drank so much, did he?"

"All the time." There was bitterness in his voice now. "He killed her with that liquor. Oh yes, he did! She was awful sick when the baby came, but she would have lived if she'd wanted to—the doctors said so. But she never wanted to . . . not after Davey got in trouble . . ."

"What about Davey?"

He no longer heard the soft, insistent voice. He no longer saw the little figure in the drab clothes that bent toward him, every muscle taut, listening . . . listening . . .

His eyes were bright, were staring back into the past that was unrolling before him, yielding up the dark and ugly things that he had crushed into muteness so many years ago. The old emotions he thought had died out were catching flame—were leaping up. Dead voices were speaking, dead faces beckoning across the span of years. He talked as if to himself, his face flushed as if with fever, his hands clenched—the knuckles showing white.

"Davey killed a man! Down at the bar on the corner . . . drunk as a fool he was! The man called him an ugly name, and Davey flung a chair at him. He hit him on the temple . . . and he died . . ." A shudder passed over his body. " . . . he died . . . Davey was scared, panicky—like a rat caught in a trap . . ."

The woman dared not speak. She put out her hand and laid it over his large

one. He didn't seem to notice. He went on, his voice almost a whisper now, "And right then was when she seemed to get worse. The doctor said she had to want to live. And she didn't want to—not if Davey was in trouble. I can see her so plainly now. Her face so small and white like the sheet on the bed. Her eyes were too big too dark . . . and she held on to me and cried . . . she cried, and she said, "You'll not let anything happen to Davey, will you, Mike? You'll take care of Davey? Oh, promise me! Promise me you'll not let anything happen to him . . . if you love me!"

There was sweat on his forehead, but it went unheeded.

"God knows I loved her . . . and I promised. Nobody knew about it but just Davey and her and me—except the man at the bar, and he was too scared to talk. A few dollars shut his mouth."

The small hand on his shook a little. "And you said you'd done it! You came here! Oh, God bless you! God bless you for being a fool!"

He didn't hear her. The corners of his mouth worked; there was agony in his eyes. "But she died anyway. It wasn't any good. She died, and the last thing she said was 'I don't mind so much, Mike, for you'll not let anything happen to Davey. . .'"

"And what did Davey do?"

"He ran away. I never knew . . . I never heard from him again . . ."

There was an exclamation of indignation from the little brown-clad figure, but she stifled it quickly. And then . . . softly, timidly—almost as if she feared to intrude on his thoughts, to desecrate his sorrow, "The baby, Mike? What about the baby?"

He smiled wanly. "Such a pretty little girl. Even when she was a tiny baby she was pretty—like her mother. I found some folks who'd take her. Some good, honest folks who'd make a home for her."

There was a pause, almost a tension, and then she asked, "Do you ever hear from her?"

He shook his head vigorously. "Never, thank God. I made the folks promise they'd never tell her—not one word."

"Why, Mike? Oh, why?" There was almost a note of appeal in her voice.

"I never wanted her to know her Dad was in jail. I wanted her to have a chance—like other girls. I'd have died before I'd have let them tell her". The unyielding lines were again settling round his lips. His eyes had lost that inner light, and were now dogged, determined. There was a tone of finality in his voice. "I never want her to know. I never want to see her."

"Don't you even know what's happened to her, what she's doing?"

"No. If I had tried to keep up with her, there'd have been too much danger of her finding out about me. I wanted to make the break clean, not to leave any traces."

She clasped her hands agitatedly. "You haven't been fair to her, Mike! You haven't let her help you . . . or love you . . ."

He turned narrowed eyes on her and spoke almost fiercely, "Haven't been fair to her! God in heaven, that's the one thing I have done! I've given her her life, without a stain or a blot on it! I've let her start on a level with other people. I've kept her from being always dogged and shadowed by this. I've let her have the chance to make her friends . . . the kind she'd want . . . to live like she wants to. I've given her a fair chance in life—so she wasn't licked before she started. That's the thing that's comforted me and held me up all these years . . . because I could imagine her off somewhere growing up happy."

She was turned from him now, gazing out the window at the lengthening shadows in the prison yard. "Have you ever thought that she might be happier being able to be near you and bring comfort to you?"

He shook his head doggedly. "She don't know. What she don't know can't make her unhappy."

"Then you don't want to see her . . . ever?"

"Not ever. It's not so bad in these walls when I know she isn't hurt by it all. That's the way I want it. That's the way Elsie would want it, too . . ."

"Don't you ever regret what you've done, Mike?" There was such gentleness in her face!

"No, I'm not sorry—not so long as I feel like Elsie's pleased with me . . . and when I know I'm here because of her, seems like she's awful close to me—I might lose her if I left. I promised her, you see, and I'm not the kind would ever be sorry for keeping a promise."

There was a long silence, and suddenly he looked at her with fear dawning in his eyes. "Miss, whoever you are, you must have the spirit of a devil or an angel to make me talk like this after my mouth had been shut for twenty-five years, and when I'd sworn before the Lord Almighty that never a word of it would pass my lips, but whoever you are . . . before God, if you ever tell . . ."

She stopped him quickly. "Never a word, Mike. I swear it. It doesn't matter about the Welfare society. We'll find another case to study. Your story is as safe with me as with you, I promise you. Please trust me."

He breathed deeply in relief. "I reckon I trust you all right, or else I couldn't ever have talked to you as I did."

She stood up to go. "One thing more, Mike. Do you suppose you'd ever know your daughter if you did see her?"

He smiled. His smiles were so rare, so brief. They flitted across his face like stray sunbeams followed by instant shadow. "I've wondered about that, and somehow I think I would. You see, it's a funny thing, but even when she was a tiny baby she had one blue eye and one

brown, just like her dad, and just like his dad before him. I guess I'd know her all right, especially if she were anything like Elsie."

She held out her hand, and he took it in his—frankly and simply. He was now as she had found him—calm, quiet, reserved, aloof.

"Thank you for talking to me," she said, and her voice shook a little. "Good-bye and good-luck." And then she was gone and Mike was alone with his ghosts and his memories.

Old Ben turned the key in the lock for the young lady and her guide to pass through, and after the door had clanged shut behind her, he called in an excited whisper, "Jim! Jim, come here!"

"Yeah. What is it?"

"You know that ledgy that we were a-talkin' about—the one what went to see Mike?"

"Yeah, what about her?"

"Wal, I just let her back out again, and . . . ye'll never guess!"

"Tell me then—out with it!"

"Wal, she had them dark glasses off, and the tears were a-rollin' down her cheeks, and . . . here's what'll surprise ye, Jim."

Impatiently, "Let's have it, old feller!"

"Wal, then, she had one bright blue eye and one brown—just like Mike!"

A low whistle of astonishment. "You aren't spoofin' me, Ben?"

"Honor bright, boy. Blamed queer coincidences in this old world, ain't there now?"



Embers

A One-Act Play

By AMY CLECKLER

Characters:

Marthy Downing—A creaking, bulky woman of 55, her hair skinned up severely, crowning her head with a sparse knot. Kindly blue eyes peer above rimless spectacles bridging an aristocratic nose which might once have been beautiful. Below her innumerable chins hangs an ornate old locket somewhat out of keeping with her person and her surroundings. She wears an immaculate gingham dress and immense white apron.

Becky Turnipseed—A wizened, sharp-featured woman of middle age. Her piercing black eyes find something wrong about everything. A glum character who takes the moral obligations of the neighborhood upon her narrow shoulders.

Betsy Lovelace—A beautiful, intelligent young girl. Blonde and small.

Robert Hillyer—In love with Betsy. Tall, straight, black-haired. His eyes are clear gray.

Nebuchadnezzar—A lanky black cat with green eyes and a comfortable purr.

It is a sunny autumn morning in Marthy's spotless pine-pannelled, one room cottage. In the center of the back wall a huge log fire sputters in the white-washed mantle, where an iron kettle of greens is boiling. An antiquated gilt iron bed, flaunting a chaotic quilt, usurps one corner of the room. There are two rocking chairs, one of worn leather, lumpy from holding Marthy's immense bulk for a large part of her waking hours during the last twenty-five years, the other an unpainted, cane-bottomed rocker. A wooden cabinet with spool knobs, a rough pine table with an oil lamp, and a threadbare carpet once flaming with crimson blossoms complete the furnishings.

(Curtain rises as Marthy and Becky sit chatting. Becky, the chronic gossip, is gloating over a choice morsel.)

BECKY: (hitching the rickety, unpainted rocker closer to Marthy) I tell ye, there ain't no good a-coming' frum hit. Ye

kain't tell me thet city slicker would be a-gallavantin' way out to these parts in sich a wicked yaller auto to see Bet Lovelace fer no good end. (Leers meaningly over her horn-rimmed spectacles.)

MARTHY: (shifting her swollen, painful old limbs to a more comfortable position.) Now, now, Becky, dontcha go a-worryin'. Betsy is a smart un, an' I guess she knows - - -

BECKY: There ye go, a-takin' up fer her. You allus have. Whin her pappy died an' left her orphaned, it wuz you egged her on to spend every cent he left her at college. You'se the one now excusin' her high-flyin' manners since she's back a-teachin' school. But it ain't right to the chillun she larns fer her to be a-chasin' 'round a-carryin' on with - -

MARTHY: Why don'tcha find out fer sartin afore ya go a-talkin'? Maybe he aims to marry - - -

BECKY: (Raising her voice above Marthy's.) You've got down-right peculiar, thet's whut ye have. *You* whut's lived lonesome all these year with nary a companion cep'n thet wretched cat since yo' po' invalid maw died, *you* that wuz deserted by thet triflin' Robert Hillyan---*you*, Marthy Downing, settin' here a-talkin' cheerful-like about this here. You do beat all I ever seen. Y' know Betsy be a orphan. She hain't no one to tell her to be leary of this town feller, an' since she's so fond of you, I wuz a-thinkin' - -

MARTHY: Well, ye kin stop a-thinkin', an' stop a-dabblin' in other folk's business. I'll not be a-sayin' nuthin' to Bet my self, an' if'n I wuz you - - -

BECKY: (self-righteous) Hit's yore Christian duty, Marthy. Thet it is. But the Good Lord says "Bear ye one another's burdens" so now ye force me to take the task laid down fer you to perform. (Rising,) I'll be a-goin'. Hit's sad I be to see sich lax morals. An' you lookin' so peaked too. You'll pay fer yore loose ways.

MARTHY: Good mawnin', Becky Turnipseed. I guess me an' Nebuchadnezzar (patting the cat that is rubbing against her knotty old ankles) kin git along.

(Becky bristles out of the room, slamming the door as she leaves).

(Slowly and painfully Marthy rises and propels herself to the fireplace leaning on a rough walking cane. Taking a huge iron spoon from its nail by the fire-side she jabs the steaming contents of the kettle viciously.)

MARTHY: (Addressing the cat) There we be, Nebuchadnezzar. And a fine mess of greens, too. (Stirs the pot again.) I would I could give ole Becky a few pokes as easy as this, so's she kain't worry thet nice Bet-chile. Y' know, Nebby, there ain't many gals like her, so good to a ole sick 'oman. Allus a-comin' t' see me, allus a-bringin' me sumpin' bright an' pretty. (Sinks slowly into the leather chair, taking the purring cat on her ample lap.) Why, Nebby, she almost makes me feel young agin, takin' me way back whin I wuz spry an' pert, afore Maw died an' I got the swellin' at the jints—back whin Robert wuz allus 'round about a-waitin' to court. Seems lak yisterday, even arter 30 year. Him thet wuz so tall an' straight an' dark haired,—him with the eyes, the long gray, twinkling eyes thet looks right inter yore heart. (Puts the cat down and starts patching bright quilt squares together.)

Maybe I've turned inter a snivelin' ole fool, Nebby, a-livin' with you alone and a-talkin' to ya all the time, but you has the most comfortable purr thet God ever give a cat, an' if you ain't no beauty, the Good Lawd knows you got a heart in ya. An' sick company! Many's the hour we whiles away together. (Resuming her reminiscences) Folks ain't ever understood about me an' Robert, Nebuchadnezzar. He done right though; he done right about ever'thing. Maw wuz a-ailin' all the time an' wuz allus a-wantin' me with her. Wouldn't hear to me marryin'. Said I wuz selfish. Robert an' me, we loved each other enough to wait. So we waited. (Patches in silence for a moment) The Good Lawd knows he wuz true. Five years he waited, Nebby—five long, hard

years. On his birthday whin he come twenty-five, he met me at Jordon's mill an' put it to me straight. He wuz either a-marrying me then or else he would go to town an' git a city job. He couldn't wait here no longer. His farm wuzn't pay-in'. Maw mought hang on twenty year with her paralyzed, an' he'd help me take kyar o' her. My God, I sent him away.—Him with the eyes, the long, twinkling grey eyes that looks right inter yore heart. (She opens the locket about her neck, gazing mistily into it.) I'd promised to meet him in town in two months. We would bring Maw along. . . . But Maw wuz outraged whin I put it to her, an' I wuz weak. Then—after it wuz too late—Maw died,—an' then I got the swellin' at the jints. So here we be, Nebby. (Closes locket with a faint smile.) He done well by hisself though. Married a city gal, I hear tell. Got hisself all edgy-cated and become a big-time lawyer. (Rises slowly.) Be you tired of the old 'omans chatter, Nebby? Le's set th' kiver. Ain't more'n a hour fo' noon. I'll git th' pretty red an' white checked un, Betsy give me Christmas last—sich a gay little cloth. It makes me feel young agin, Nebby, warm an' tingly inside,—like th' scarlet roses thet used to bloom an' ramble over my carpet, like th' flamin' patches on my quilt, like th' coals red an' glow-in' on my hearth. —Funny I ain't ever outgrewed the feelin'. Sometimes it wells up even now, an' allus then, I sets an' thinks of them other days. (Rises and churns about the room, putting things in order for her noonday meal.) Lawd'a' mercy. If we ain't got company. Come right in, chile, ole Marthy is thet pleased t' see ya.

(Betsy rushes in, cheeks rosy and blonde curls ruffled from the stirring wind, eyes reflecting her gay blue frock, arms overflowing with riotous crimson and golden leaves.)

BETSY: (Dropping a kiss on Marthy's forehead.) Dearest Aunt Marthy! I thought you'd like the leaves. Glorious, aren't they? And the wind! It's at its best today—makes something deep inside sing and dance and soar with it. You will feel it, too.

MARTHY: (Eyes suspiciously moist.) They're grand, dearie. Fix'em on the table for me, Bet-chile. Whut's this about me hearin' an' feelin' an' flyin' with th' wind? - - - Don't worry, dear. I kin feel hit an' go with hit though I kain't git out. I couldn't go walkin' even a short piece today.

BETSY: O, but you're not to walk! You see, well, I've lots to tell you; I've neglected you shamefully, dear, but all the while I've been saving up to tell you. He's come, Aunt Marthy. At last he really has. You've always told me someday the right one would come. I never really believed you before,—now I'm sure you were right. Why, I feel just as you did, if anything ever happened so I couldn't have Robert - - -

MARTHY: (Hazily) Robert?

BETSY: Yes, Bob. I met him my last year at college as he was finishing law school, and we became quite good friends. But now that he has had a year and is established on his own, now that he's proved he can stand alone and doesn't need his Dad's political pull to get along, we're something more than friends. He's to drop by here for us in a few minutes and take us for a spin in the crisp sunshine. I do hope - - -

MARTHY: Law' chile, don't be a-wastin' yore time on old Marthy. - - You make me simply bubble with happiness thinkin' 'bout ya. I'm glad his name is Bob—that's familiar to me y'know. Has he really a grand canary automobile?

BETSY: Well, yes, his car is yellow. Why there, I hear it in the street now.

(A car door slams and a man's steps are heard. Betsy flings open the door.)

BETSY: Oh, here you are, Bob! I want you to know a very dear friend of mine, Aunt Martha. Aunt Martha, this is Robert Hillyer.

(Marthy rises from her chair as if in a dream, her face lights, she seems unaware of any presence except Bob.)

MARTHY: You've come, Bob. (Her voice is tense, unreal.)

BOB: Of course, Aunt Martha. Betsy has told me about you often, —how kind you've been to her, how sympathetic. I'm sure—

MARTHY: (Coming back to reality) Why yes, son. It's glad I am to know ya. (She sinks exhausted into her chair.)

BOB: We've great news! You're the only one we're telling 'til it's over.

BETSY: You see, Aunt Martha, - -

BOB: We're going to be married - -

BETSY: Today!

BOB: And you're to go along.

(Marthy's eyes swim with tears)

MARTHY: My blessings on the two of you. And to be sure I'll go along. I'll git to ride in the canary auto, too, won't I?

BETSY: (Laughing) You surely will! We'll be by for you in an hour. There's packing to be done and—Oh, Aunt Martha, to think I nearly forgot to tell you! There's the sweetest new apartment, with a chair in the living room bought 'special'ly for you. One that's ever so big and comfy, and the cover is simply running over with red roses. It's the gayest, dearest chair. You'll love it when you come to see us.

MARTHY: (Wiping her eyes with her apron) Ye're so thoughtful of th' ole 'oman. —Bob, son, where's yo' folks livin'?

BETSY: He doesn't even remember his Mother. Only five years old when—

BOB: And dad, pneumonia, last winter. I really need someone to take care of me, you see. He left Bets and me well provided for. But we're going to make our own way, aren't we dear? If he could build up from a country boy even without education, well, his son's not going to let him down.

MARTHY: That's right son, that's right.

BOB: Goodbye 'til later. (He looks into her eyes, and she gazes as if hypnotized)

MARTHY: (Slowly and strangely) Goodbye, Bob. (Betsy and Bob leave chatting merrily. Marthy sits staring dazedly into the fire.) Nebby, it's Bob. He's heard I'm sick and come back. After all, he's back! - - - Him with the eyes, the long, twinkling gray eyes that looks straight inter yore heart. (There is a silence broken only by a log that falls

in the grate, settling into a mass of glowing embers.) No, Nebby. It's his son. My Bob's gone. (An icy stillness) Gone, do you hear? He has sent his son to stir the embers of memory. They was still

glowing, Nebby. You know I had not forgotten. (Briskly) Come, let's hurry with the dinner. They'll be back afore I know it. (Softly) I won't fail you this time, Bob.

CURTAIN

*Fateful words
Written in black ink
On a crumpled paper
Held in the grasp of a taut fist.*

*Fateful words
Written in life blood
On a crushed heart
Held in the protection of a tense body.*

*The fist clenches,
Then relaxes;
Trembling fingers
Smooth the crumpled note
With a slight betrayal of tenderness
For a bitter message written by a dear
hand;
Yet neither careful fingers, nor kind
words, nor loving care
Can smooth out every broken fibre
And make it whole again;
The scars are there.*

*The body shudders,
Then sighs
And breathes a deep comforting breath;
The shoulders straighten; the head holds
itself high.*

*Chest out! Chin Up!
There, that's better!
A bold front for the world to see!
A proud sturdiness from head to toes!
Yet all these can neither mend broken
fibres,
Nor erase scars from a once joyful heart;
All these hide them from view,
And no one knows.*

—Hazel Birch '37

Confession of a Piano Student

Anonymous

If only I had all the money my father wasted in giving me piano lessons! But alas, I guess I was born 10 years too soon—in the good old days before parents had given up the idea that there should be a little music maker in every home.

My piano lessons began at the tender age of seven. My older sister took music, and I would go to the piano and pick out her pieces by ear to the awe of my parents. They, like 50 million other parents, firmly believed that their child was going to be a genius. After all, they reasoned, why shouldn't I be? My father taught piano when he was 12 years old, and my mother played beautifully. What they did not speculate on was me as an individual.

I entered into music with enthusiasm—for the first lesson. I thought it must be wonderful to take, for my sister did and all the other "big" girls in the neighborhood. That first lesson convinced me that I didn't like my teacher a bit, but she did have four little kittens so I endured the lessons to get to play with the kittens.

As time passed, the kittens grew up, and she gave them away. My trials multiplied. At first, my progress had been rapid, but I was losing interest fast, and my work showed it. Scales were becoming complicated with sharps and flats, and I found it almost impossible to play them without having practiced, but of course I tried.

My teacher made a fatal error. Of all the pupils she had, she picked out the one girl that I despised to hold up as an example to me. I hardly condescended to speak to this girl on the streets because in my childish eyes she was the world's most exasperating "goodie-good." Every time she spoke to me in her sweet little manner I yearned to punch her in the nose. Besides, I thought the way I played sounded ever so much nicer than the

way she did. She obediently followed the teacher's one-and, two-and, three-and, four-and with no difference in sound and never a wrong note for variety. I thought it so much fun to make the chords in the base loud and mighty sounding, and play the treble soft and caressingly. It was the delight of my life to play a run as fast as I could. If my teacher corrected me and told me to go more slowly, I would at once become dull and sullen and play it like a funeral dirge.

I wonder how the piano stood the strain, for all she had to do was to tell me the second time, "Play that note more staccato!", and I would bang down on the key with all my might and strength. I'm surprised that I didn't break a finger.

I hated that teacher, and she knew it. I can't explain why. She never tapped my hands with a ruler as she did her other pupils, but still I abhorred her. Maybe it was her red hair I did not like, or her voice or her manner. There wasn't anything I really did like about her except her mother cat and kittens.

Mother never made me practice unless I was in the mood, which was seldom. There were so many other things to do—dancing lessons, expression, and art. When these things were done, a most inviting game of hop-scotch or tag awaited me, or a gallop on Duke, my pony. Oh, there were a million things to keep me from practicing. However, I always found time to learn pieces with a pretty melody promptly, but exercises were my doom. I would stay for weeks on the simplest ones.

I spent five years of my life every Monday and Thursday trotting back and forth from my music lessons. Every year it got worse, and I begged my family to let me stop or change teachers. When I entered high school, they agreed and put me under a different teacher.

The first thing my new teacher did was to take me out of sonatinas and give me

a sonata. I was charmed and slaved over it. I made more progress in that one year than even my parents had expected. I had one brilliant sounding piece filled with runs and trills that appeared much more difficult than it really was. Of course, mother had me play it for all of her callers—much to my embarrassment—you know how mothers do!

But my inspiring teacher had evidently been more inspiring to some one else. She got married, and I went to my third teacher. She was very nice, and I liked her, but she was more of a concert artist than a teacher.

She overestimated my ability and gave me things too advanced for me. Among them was a piece she had played on her concert tours. I nearly lost my mind! She would get at one piano, and I would be at the other. We would start playing together, but I would always finish fully five minutes behind her. She was a wonderful musician, and she helped me to appreciate music, but she decided on matrimony too. By then, some of the romance had penetrated my being, and I started neglecting my practicing to have dates.

My fourth and last teacher was by far the most well known one that I studied

under. She was in such demand that I had been on a waiting list for two years before I got her. I went to the first lesson fired with ambition, but she soon killed it. She laughed at the way I syncopated my piece. It was very disconcerting, but I made an attempt to laugh with her for I liked her.

She persisted in laughing at my honest efforts, but after so long a time it ceased to bother me. She must have thought I was terribly funny and an utterly hopeless student, for she never fussed at me for unprepared lessons. Often she would come to my lesson with letters from her old pupils asking her for advice about their love affairs. Together we would work out a solution. This was all very interesting, but it wasn't helping my technique "on the piano."

I decided that \$90 a year was a trifle high to listen to love letters so I thought I'd stop until I could give more time to music. Eight years and over \$700 spent for what? I seldom touch the keys. I could have enjoyed hearing music just as much without all of that education—and to think I never fulfilled my desire to be able to play Mozart's "Turkish March."



Poetry

ASHES LEFT

*Within my heart there once was kindled
A burning flame—bright, constant,
glowing,—*

*A flame of faith in men that comes from
knowing*

One is true.

*It burned and raged within my breast
'Till my whole life it set afire
And branded on my heart this one desire:
To trust you.*

*Bit by bit that flame you've quenched;
You fed it fuel it could not burn.*

*Only one small spark is left. Whither
shall I turn*

When that's gone?

—Alberta Trulock '38

VISION

*A higher vision came to me today,
I glimpsed eternity through a rift of
blue.*

*The pine trees whispered, "Search and
pray;*

Be valiant, loving, humble, kind and true."

*A better motive came to me today,
I saw God clearer through a slit of sky,
The winds told me that life is but a ray;
And death a crystal tear we wept to die.*

—Frances Houser '38

A PRAYER

*The peace of gentle rain be yours, and all
The joy that comes from quiet things.*

I pray

*That you may see with calm, unwavering
eyes,*

*And grace your soul with poise of heart
and mind;*

*That you may never stumble, but may
hold*

*Your head erect, and walk with steady
steps.*

*The wisdom born of self-control be yours,
And may you build your life on lofty
scale—*

Thus, thus I pray

—Helen Smart '35

*Dear heart, quite dead, so deeply scarred,
My very soul cries out in pain
When I recall those words, charred
So blackly with hate; and then again
Remember how she seemed to
Cast you down upon the earth
And crush the very life from you.
'Twas there I saw the lovely mirth
That once had lit my way,
Banished forever by a word,
And in its accustomed place there lay,
Like the broken wing of a lonely bird
You, a heart, forgotten and alone.*

—Frances Townsend '37

DAWN

*From out the starry east there comes
The dawn, a virgin fair,
With misty dew, a coronet,
To crown her golden hair.*

*In robes of blue and saffron dressed,
And at her snow white throat
A single gem, a gleaming pearl,
The eth'ral vision floats.*

—Sara Bell '37

DISSECTION OF A COLLEGE BOY'S HEAD

1

*The task was assigned me
To take one home,
And find what could be
In a college boy's "dome."*

2

*Now the head of a youth,
Is much tougher than leather,
So ne'er did I think
Its walls I could sever.*

3

*But I sharpened my knife,
On a grinder of stone,
And with all of my might,
I cut through the bone.*

4

*From under his hair
Like the swish of a broom,
Shot a gush of hot air
Almost filling my room!*

5

*As I cut through the brain,
It crumbled to dust,
It had never born strain
As alert brains must.*

6

*My work now complete,
And the head all dissected—
I had nothing to work with
Just as I expected!*

—Julia C. Weaver '37

